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39 or Express Author's Copy

"A Spur in the Head's worth two on the Heels."

D'ARCY DUNN,

OR

THE HAUNTED CHURCH,

BY REV. W. T. BOONE.

ALSO

THE ENGLISH ANACHRON, AND THE AMERICAN ANACHRON,
An Ode to D'Israeli. *or Senator Sumner's Dream.*

ULYSES REDIVIVUS, OR THE NEXT PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

BY THE SAME.

OUR EARTHLY HOME,—Lectures delivered in the Public Schools
of Hants County.

GLORY'S GOAD,—A story of Art.

"Poetry ain't my forte? Don't I know it?
"Tisn't every man can be a Poet
No more'n a sheep can be a go—at."

WINDSOR,
NEW PUBLISHING LIBRARY,
1867.

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D'ARCY DUNN,

OR

THE HAUNTED CHURCH,

"A SPUR IN THE HEAD'S WORTH TWO ON THE HEELS."

ERRATA.

Subscribers are requested to observe that the omission of six pages results from a pruning decided on at the eleventh hour, (pp. 20—27); but luckily the connection is not disturbed. This has caused an erratum in the numbering of pages and sections.

pp. 15—griefs to hear.

pp. 39—echoes roll.

pp. 74—Where foemen's oars we may not hear.

pp. 94—how they loved.

pp. 96—as fair, as blooming—

101—The first four lines are from Cary's translation,
the proper names being changed.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE main incidents of this Story were briefly related many years ago in a book, by an English Clergyman, called the "Life Book of a Laborer.". They took place in a village on the Southern coast of England.

UNIVERSITY OF KING'S COLLEGE, }
MIDDLE BAY, } EASTER, 1865.

The humble attempt thus to pursue and embellish this story has been resumed during the last few weeks amid many interruptions, which will I trust apologise for some of its many defects to all who will kindly allow an apology for its existence.

It is hardly a stretch of imagination to invest the Southern coast of England with the shades of those who, by the invincible tendencies of historic memory, may seem to resume their strife or go down again to their fate as often as the elements are stirred. It is hardly a greater effort, and just as pardonable to impersonate the national pride and feeling which have lingered about these shores, and have been called into play by the equally vigilant genii of an opposite continental coast. Perhaps a few words of explanation are needed when, as in this story, the impersonation is extended to minor actors and the humble memories of an English village. Foiled in his attempt to establish evening prayer, and attributing the difficulty to a genuine terror of superstitious minds, the clergyman endeavours to restrain Darcy from leading both of them on a trail which can only be taken up on the as-

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sumption that these demure villagers are the conspirators of a dark plot. Lights seen thrice in the church near midnight are to the parson a sure sign of weakness in his own over-worked and anxious brain—but to Darcy, who pretends not to believe in them either, they shew the only successful avenue of attack. His feelings are fostered and his course further determined by the universal distrust and dislike with which he is regarded in the village. But on consideration he concludes that, if there be a secret, some additional talisman is needed to light him through the mystery. He invokes the aid of Love—a passion which, in this instance, though awakened for reasons of expediency, is kept alive eventually for its own.

The opposition of his master to all Darcy's plans is unavailing and brings about a complicated result. Darcy feeling that, as far as his master individually is concerned, it might have been better had he let the sleeping dog alone. The old church which is very dear to the clergyman, has its interest enhanced in his opinion by being the urn of an admiral's dust—the song of the Admiral's Tomb is his—the pain caused by finding that the repose of the great Admiral is one not undisturbed by a ruthless tread in his also. In songs from the churchyard we have an impersonation of past smugglers and their opposite feelings are contrasted, namely, those which they experience when the lamps are burning for nefarious designs of their fellow men as opposed to those called forth by a holier light filling the church at that midnight wedding of Darcy, which is the triumph our hero decrees himself.

W. T. B.

68 Hollis St. Dec. 24, 1867.

D'ARCY DUNN.

I.

'Tis the low roar of the channel—
And to this, as common song,
Witnesses each faded annal
That our ears have listened long :
Who are these that at the ferry
Of the Norseman and the Zee,
Feign to be so old, yet merry,
And so void of jealousy ?
Hark ! the vieing mermaids tell
Of the shores they loved so well :
Each can hear the gentle greeting
Of alternate minstrelsy
On the middle waters meeting
To rehearse the famous sea ;
Or in bowers of noonday green,
Or in nightly crests of sheen :
Saith the British water chorus,—
See how proudly on the shore
Is our mistress bending o'er us,
Ever singing as of yore :
Ah ! we want no blast to say
Who shall rule the seas to-day !
Sing the Gallic witches wildly—
We have wooed the ancient din,

We have spoken to him mildly,
And our rivers let him in
There our sunny South to taste,
Tired of thy Northern blast.
We too clasp the broad old father
With the Severn and the Thames ;
Can he ever know another
Much loved home of sweetest names—
Reap in any other land
Grain from every golden strand ?
On the ever-heaving mountains
Of the fathomless Biscay
He may tire, then from the fountains
Of his unrest turn away
To these marble docks of mine,
In the golden sun that shine !
Nay, ye Gallic fairies, never—
Ocean is our willing slave ;
Can the ocean admiral ever
Leave his proudest sailors' grave,
Who now with my Cornish men
Talketh in their hollow den ?
Watch he will beside his siren
On the shore reclining,
While she holds the Harp of Erin
All in Emerald shining ;
While the sister music flies
O'er St. George's eddies—
While her stalwart Scotian lover
Answers from his purple moor—
While his swelling bagpipes over
Hill and dale old echoes pour ;
Come, sweet Gallia, o'er the sea

Join us in our ecstacy !
Seest not British beauties many
When the hazy atmosphere ?—
How the Gallic palaces
Would befit celestial form ?
Hence it is a land of graces
To the Southern landscape warm.
Purpled vines my peasants please
Hast thou Anglia such as these ?
Graces be ye then for aye,
By both land and sea—
Strive no more the livelong day,
But listen unto me—
Unto us who many a part
On our beeches played,
Weave in song with fairy art
For our orgies made.

II.

'Twas past the dusty hour of noon,
And even we had ceased our tune—
The breezes everywhere were strayed—
The tide was out—the weeds were laid—
The mountain glebe was all aglow—
And idle lay men's barks below ;
When to the bay came coursing down
Some tourist from a northern town ;
Thus mused he as he passed me by :—
Now cease, O weary soul, to sigh,
Let past be past, and with it run
All thou wouldest give oblivion ;

Nor doubt this spot a sweet exchange
For much so hard—for all so strange ;
Here, let me gain some needed strength,
Here, when short days have seen their length,
In view of thine, profoundest sea,
I and my billows buried be !
There, whence I come, once calm and bright,
Dissatisfaction brought its night ;
The murmuring brook to angry scold
Is changed, and I am growing old—
Sing, O great heart of ocean, sing
Till mine has ceased woe-revelling !
I see in every face a calm,
And, sure, 'tis thine that weaves the charm ;
The smoking siren, the lolling youth,
Are gazing on thy brow of truth ;
And e'en the maiden at the well
Draws deep from thee a loving spell.
Thus, dreamily, through village way
That solemn priest pursued his way,
By evening songster—bleating sheep,
And waves that endless vigil keep.
Lulled downward, till upon him pour
Dark shadows from a reverend tower,
Where round about that castle wall
Long lie the saintly loves of all.
Now, from the hallowed shadows free,
His longing eyes sweet slumbers see
Of his lonely dwelling lane and mead
Where soon and long he prays to tread,
And little recks, if all alone,
One peaceful night, his lot be thrown—
If soon his dear ones may abide

To bless his life's untroubled tide.
A few weeks roll to fix the round
Of usance sweet to sight and sound,
Linking the pastor's gentle heart
With them that bear the labored part
Of life, mid whom, some cold and dead,
Are hard for angel steps to lead ;
Kind o'er them moved the pastor's eye
In holy trust that bye-and-bye
All doubt and stubbornness will bend,
And veils from factious spirits rend—
Not at a mortal's will, but his
Whose love and power of love he is.

III.

There is a death
Oft in the noon or eve of life—
That is not death ;
A dying to certain hopes or aims—
A birth to others that the spirit claims
Those dashed—these rising in a brighter day
Then lights us in the busy world's highway.
Tis death to them that know not evening's charms
And still are fired to battle all the storms
A careless world prepares for them that try,
That will to fight, and dare to do or die ;
O, every change of life or luck or tide
Opens a sphere, if low or dull, yet wide,
That, viewed from others, is the set of sun,
The close of day when no more work is done.

IV.

The simple coach that coursed yon mountain side
Held other than the pastor, him beside
A younger eye, less pensive, scanned the scene,
Measured the cliffs, and drank the surges in.
His look was keen and cautious as the pard,
Set in a brow that men would christen hard ;
And yet 'twas rolling oft, and full of fire,
As asking deeds where heroes might aspire.
Brown curls and strong were clustered round his
brow,
And shook defiance to the vale below ;
Each crag and rill, each house he noted well,
Scanned every visage, peered in every dell,
And seemed to say if fame with daring be
Linked in the future, 'tis reserved for me.
If on the hollow blast, the sea can bring
Some strange adventure for a bard to sing.
If yawning graves invite the curious eye,
Or restless dead poor living nerves would try,
Of all that's new or strange I'll claim my share,
Or love or hate shall bid me venture there.

V.

From Yorkshire's hills young Darcy came,
A rugged colt, and hard to tame ;
His sire as roving brave and bold,
His mother fair as graced the wold ;
In neither had the fire of youth
Been quenched by life's severer truth—
He still the fresh and curl-crowned lad,

And she, the buxom bouncing maid.
Both read in Darcy ghosts of charms
That bore them to each other's arms ;
What wild or wilful was their own
They knew would grace their hopeful son—
He as unlike the village boys
As seamen's is to landsmen's noise.
So they besought some master's rule
To bring both head and heart to school—
Too fond to chide, too pleased to see
How much like both the boy would be ;
Thus urged, was the pastor made
His master, as he liked the lad ;
A year he ruled the merry boy,
Half parted from his parents' joy,
And at its end he told them true
It was a charge they yet might rue ;
Yet, if they pleased, would hold him still,
His service take, and curb his will,
His path to smooth, his luck to make
Till manhood him his own should take ;
His heart is warm, nor knows dismay,
He learns to dare, he dares to disobey.

VI.

Two years were passing—scarcely fled,
When, each within a narrow bed,
Lay Darcy's parents—wide and wild
The earth that held their only child
Appeared to their dissolving gaze,
And long the few short life-clouds loom
Between a child's and parent's tomb ;

To God, and to the pastor's heart,
Commending him their souls depart.
Darcy, his master oft would say,
The living die not while they pray
In hearts heaven's image ever lives—
The dead are living while on earth
We live, who took from them our birth,
Who in our memory retain
Their forms, to whom their loves remain.
Say, are they dead whose dust is but dispersed
Yet gathered safe, and in our bosoms nursed ;
To me thou art more than to thyself appears,
Thou art thy father's smiles, thy mother's tears
And both their joys—yea thine own future too
Thyself, my love, and what we both may do.
Well I remember what thy parents were,
Brimful of life, with happiness to spare ;
Such as the misanthrope and prudish spurn,
Whose fires are out, whose lamps may no more
burn,
Nor know an honest flame and still deride.
The honest joys of love a peasants pride,
Thus led and warned to stalwart youth he sprang,
Till other change Time's bell-towers rudely rang—
Till to this lovely spot his master came—
A rustic village with an English name.
So lad and master were abroad
And on their new untrodden road ;
There had you seen them, you had read
That each to each was Lord and lad—
One, he that held the reins indeed,
The other, bold—a fiery steed ;
And you had known that word how true,

It is a charge I yet may rue ;
His heart is warm, nor knows dismay,
He learns to dare, he dares to disobey.

VII.

DARCY'S SONG.

When the roll of the brave shall appear,
And be called in the temple of Fame,
I wonder if I shall be there
To listen and answer my name ;
Will the vaults laughing low at the sound
Stir the old cob-webbed walls into smiles ;
Or that crowd of the famous around
Pass a brother's name down the long aisles ?

VIII.

THE MASTER'S SOLILOQUY.

There will the belted warrior be
In blood-red garb with weapons bright,
Aye and their famous steeds I see
Upbearing many a famous knight ;
There stand the admirals of the deep,
And noted rovers on the seas,
Their salted hair half seems to creep
As in the old accustomed breeze ;
There too I see the staid Divine,
Hugging the books he loved in life,
Kings that could rule a diamond mine,
And friars that dealt eternal strife.
With softer voice and gentler mien
Undying bards among them stood ;
And nations, drawn by them, were seen

As Orpheus led the willing wood :
These, nay the bloodiest 'mid their throng,
They all have had their glorious day ;
For them was sung the measured song
Or wilder stains of maiden lay.
The world said 'twas their work
And Kings and Queens replied,
That, out of dens and caverns murk,
Them they should sit beside ;
Some had a wicked chivalry—
Strange codes of right and wrong—
But with the best, immortally,
Live in immortal song.
Yet all that famous train
Scarce half the temple filled ;
Another, and a newer race,
Made up the glory of the place ;
The Ancients called them of to-day,
But they have claimed the world to sway.
They dared the tests of golden fame
To rob them of a glorious name ;
They but demand, and entrance win,
The sons of Science pass within.

IX.
DARCY'S SONG.

Ha ! if precepts and rules be the road
That must beckon the famous within,
I am sure in so serious a crowd
My visage shall never be seen ;
As a scout or postilion I'll ride
All the by-ways and hedges among

To the dismal and dull woe betide
'And I'll hurry the lazy along;
Like a child of the desert I'll snuff up the air,
And know if a sneak or a traitor be there.
In the winds I discover no elves—
In the rivers and oceans no naiads—
No genii speak from the shelves—
In my woods there are no hamadryads—
But the winds may just whisper to me
And the waters may sing me a tune,
The birds bring a voice, and the leaves to and fro
Tell me tales in the light of the moon ;
In forest or mine, what burns best do I care ?
In combustion no science I see,
If treachery come in the storms of the air
Curiosity's carbon to me.
If a load should weigh down the true friend of my
life,
And his spirit be galled by some demon of strife,
My wrath would disdain the false foe to his face,
Though the means were not strictly according to
grace ;
If something mysterious should haunt my true
friend
That on sorrow in secret might seem to depend,
The cause I would hunt and my vengeance should
fall
If it cost me my love my deserts and my all.

X.

Thus sang the youth both voice and heart,
The herald song of every part,
That life could give and dare him play

To strive a year, or laugh a day—
To thwart a rival—aid a friend—
Or all his energies to bend,
Seeking some unexplained cause
Of what next door a mystery was—
Oft earning as reward a frown
From masks he tried to batter down.

XI.

When summer's brightest days were done,
And autumn whispers stirred the moor,
Both lad and master watched the sun
One golden evening, from the shore ;
Darcy, said he, what think'st thou now
Of the sweet spot where I would stay,
Alive or dead, to rest my brow—
How cheers the dell my life's sad way ?
Troth, sir, the youth replied—for thee,
If I divine, it bodes not well ;
It is not all that it might be—
The devil haunts this fairy dell,
Or some obnoxious power as ill ;
And I to Yorkshire would away,
If 'twere thy happiness and will,
E'en if old sores should see the day :
How now ? the master said and sighed—
Is the contentment I have taught
No deeper than to yield beside
Thy wild, impatient turn of thought ?
God hath not failed thee—I have not
Where my poor powers would let me go ;
While I repine, not at the spot,

Then well may'st thou thy tongue forego ;
All Nature's beauties here conspire
To raise the soul to love of her,
And all the living need desire
Twice they may take, and still prefer ;
Master, said Darcy, thou'rt not one
That's wont to hide thy feelings so,
And I in speech would not have done
The deed that thou art utt'ring now ;
What fired the words that thus I spake ?
'Twas that I knew the thoughts were thine,
Perhaps 'twas pious not to wake
Thy bosom to such words as mine.
T'was human ; bargain thou hast made,
And of it now wilt make the best ;
Be it as thou hast nobly said,
Bless God—but with thy flock the arch-fiend were
blest.

Can charity from words depart,
And fail to wound the ears of one
Who feels it as his master's smart ?
Darcy—let reckless speech begone ;
If thou hast tallied not with those
Who own each his so peaceful cot,
Thy fault, perhaps, to anger rose
And marred thy vision of the spot ;
If mutual dislike hath turned
At last to aught of very hate,
By each forgiveness may be earned ;
But, mark you, cease to execrate !
Master, said Darcy, as I live,
I would you should unmask your word ;
Come, say what you would freely give

If here you were no longer heard.
Darcy, not thus I speak, 'twere wrong—
Think you my words could burn as yours ?
I will confess, I once was young
And restive at the creeping hours ;
Stern faces and that rarely smile,
Dull boys, and with a stupid stare,
Maids you may not with words beguile—
These are the ills you have to bear ;
This is not all that I or thou,
Kind master, in our hearts bewail—
Such were the swaying of a bough—
Small as the creeping of a snail—
Convinced that these but manners were,
Or from some local natural cause,
Then would my words be most unfair,
And well it were my part to pause ;
They hate, dislike, distrust thee there—
For this it is that I shall find ;
And, as I know thee among men,
Thou well canst stir the sullen mind,
Soul spurns from soul—good, if no more,
And if no wilful act of thine
For me hath opened on the shore
Dissatisfaction's secret mine.
No, master, no, no act of mine
Hath dimmed thy prospect or thy plan—
No word hath crossed the village line,
Nor passed to maiden's ear or man's—
No hoary head have I despised,
Nor bade the crone reveal the witch,
No maiden's glance too tender prized,
Nor stolen from neighboring trees a switch ;

(Yet O, that playing a lover's part,
'T might reveal the people's heart.)
But we are trifling in our talk,
Answer the query that I gave ;
And say, ere homeward we must walk,
How soon a change thou fain wouldest have—
But pardon me—couldst thou commit
Thy very soul into my ear,
Perhaps my master 'twere not fit
To force thyself thy griefs to bear—
Yet will I say—and I have done—
That reasons from the depths will rise,
Mayhap, ere many a circling sun,
And secrets, that shall wake our eyes ;
Darcy, as usual, darkened words
Will break from thy unhallowed lips ;
Divine as may the augur-bird
That bids thy tongue make many slips,
I will pursue my thoughts alone,
As far as seeking out the cause,
For God will still protect his own,
And rule with his unerring laws ;
Thus much I'll say, they are not stirred
By woes of Saviour or of men ;
And that the Gospel, if 'tis heard,
Seems to return to heaven again—
Reserved at church—reserved at home,
Reserved they rest—reserved they roam :
This said at the last gleam of light,
Both veiled their thoughts in home and night.

XII.

SONG.

There are mysteries many on earth—
There are mysteries many in heaven—
Here some are of heavenly birth,
From the windings of hell some are given.
There are mysteries many with God,
And wonders of love they disclose ;
But, wrapt in the secrets of men,
Iniquities oftener repose.
At the temples of God here below—
At the portals of nature and life
We may knock and the trouble will shew
Not a law, not a system of strife.
To the dwelling of mortals we go—
To the haunts of their home or their pride,
And fear lest the visit should show
Where their sins and corruptions abide.

XIII.

When next the master and the lad
Discussed that sad and dubious theme,
Darcy, said he, what news hast had
To light the subject with its beam—
Not that I bid thee dare to pry
On ground that is a neighbour's own,—
Or art unfair presume to try—
Raise doubts to satisfy thy own ;
But if of gossip thou hast heard,
Or harmless talk, enough to serve
An answer to the ill-omened bird
That racks my brain and breaks my nerve,

Disclose it, that by reasons fair
I may account for what I know
Nor in my breast let linger there
A thought that pains and saddens so
None sir; here converse is unknown
As in the region of the dead—
Each thought seems scarcely half its own
Each narrow mind its scanty bed;
'Tis muffled notes each man requires
To clothe the stealthy words that burn,
If thought to louder tone aspires
'Tis on the ocean's boundless bourne;
Stealth in their words and looks and deeds
As each afraid of each would live—
For thee my heart e'en almost bleeds—
Worlds, to explain it, would I give.
Sires shew me frowns and dames demure
Commend me to no daughter's eye,
No children bright my looks allure
And maidens only seem to fly:
No deed of mine such distance makes,
Or calls me monster in my heart,
Such action all my power awakes
And fires my soul to learn their art
If art exist, or plots conspire
To drive thy presence from their homes
And change it at their genial fires
For Satan's—for he surely comes;
Now reason, man, the pastor said;
And speak the signs that lead thee on,
To talk of living or of dead
As in thy haste thou late hast done;
If all, alike, involved remain

Beneath this stern and common cloud,
'Tis surely nature's helpless bane,
By weights ancestral men are bowed :
If from a stern and solemn set
There spring a cold descended line,
Then, wonder not if thou hast found
Some nature that's averse to thine :
Perhaps the hollow sounding sea
Or lone dark hours on leaden wave
One reason may afford to thee
Why they are silent as the grave :
Again old ocean's but the scene—
Its tossing space the vision fills—
A blinding mist its only screen,
And this is bounded by the hills :
The mart of commerce is not here—
No change of colour greets the eye—
Nor strife of foreign tongues we hear—
Our varying landscape is the sky :
Consider thus till reason bear
The fisher's pardon to thine ear.
Now softly, master, said the lad,
I easily can give thee sign,
I'll on thy conscience surely tread
Unless my very thoughts be thine ;
And thou to me wilt still protest,
If forth from evil blessings burn,
That I would fain appear my best
If good to evil I might turn ;
Let what I say be in your eyes
The worth of what you please to hold,
I deem it as a gotten prize .
To text and sermon I will hold

And both to thee shall soon be told.
Now ocean bringeth not to men
The manner thou wouldest bid them have ;
On souls no surf recoils again,
The sailor danceth as the wave,
And he is gladsome as the spray,
And fearless as the ocean bird
That wings its ever-restless way,
Above the storm whose voice is heard ;
Thou wrongest ocean in thy theme—
Thy theory could only stand,
If thus at sea men strode the beam,
And were far other men on land.
But they that are true seamen shine
On sea and shore as jolly souls,
And dance at maiden-given wine
As when the ship in tempest rolls,
Or lightnings sport along the line.
Now for my signs, there's much we see
Yet cannot smoothly put in word,
If in their men naught wicked be,
Then be my voice no longer heard ;
In this secluded spot I see
Best refuge for a mystery—
If two or three can secret things
Fast in their bosom dare to hold,
Then what, that silent tiding brings,
Can keep them from becoming old—
Old amid them that hold them dear—
And quiet in their faithful breast ;
Thus a whole village may appear
Wrapt in its grave-clothes at the best
For Charles was known to forty men—

Each heart was his unuttered den.
'Tis thus I judge, in this fair dell
There is a secret 'mid them thrown,
They all are sworn to keep it well
And each preserves it as his own :
This is no easy silence kept
Of slow men ignorant or weak ;
'Tis studied, sure, and forced to brave
All that inquiry can advance—
It drinks not from the rolling wave
Its nature free, its careless glance.
Few their enquiries lest they prove
A stirring of the depths they love—
Lest others, telling where they roam,
Should ask in turn of nearer home :
How little the great world appears !
They never ask if it be well ;
Troth, none among them ever hears
Unless by couriers straight from hell.
The cause itself I dare not hint—
I know not what the secret is ;
'Twas struck and coined in Satan's mint—
The image is most surely his :
If fathomed it may be, I trow,
One spark into revealing blaze
For thee and me I'll quickly blow,
And furnish us no small amaze :
O Darcy! stubborn, rash, yet true
Dare not, I bid thee, what to rue
Would give a life long pain and fret
My very vitals with regret ;
'Tis but the phantom of thy brain
That stirs thee so and breaks amain ;

The secret working of a spy—
A sin for finding villainy—
Nor less objection could I see
Because 'twere ventured all for me :
Mark now my word, I'll not consent
Nor foster thy unhallowed bent.

XVII.

SONG.

An image that the mind contrives
Becomes its very self ;
By day it haunts, and still it lives
With every night-born elf :
And deeds that reason seems to point,
Or glories help conspire,
They burn the oil of every joint,
And man's a living fire ;
And life-long winds that deaden pains
Feed such with virgin power,
Till but the death grasped axe remains
In hands that wield no more.
Through foes and fight, by day and night,
Their light has led him on ;
Through spectres bright, through wrong and right,
Till every prospect's done ;
Though heart of friend, of home and love,
Were blasted, passing speech,
Though hovering still the prize above
Defy man's eager reach ;
read the visions of my soul,

My God they are not hid ;
If with thy love my heart be whole,
I follow at thy bid.

XVIII.

Six days were passed, at evening board
Darcy and his indulgent Lord
Renewed again the horrid theme
That shed each day its lurid gleam—
Bore down their spirits to the earth—
Oppressed their souls, and checked their mirth—
Now on those seas some kindly oil
Seemed to sustain their spirit's toil ;
On news the master seemed to pride
His soul, and Darcy looked half satisfied ;—
And is it so, the master said,
That Darcy, you, who long have fed
Your furnace-spirit with the cry
That hell would open bye and bye,
And shew my soul the dread content
Of fiends and hypocrites attent,
In one short moment vanquished lie
Beneath a maiden's potent eye—
The mighty fallen, and of a truth,
His pate is in the lion's mouth.
Do you not feel your vengeance dire
Leads from the frying to the fire ?
I trust that we shall hear no more
Of secret caucus on the shore ;
Or honest strange and boorish men
Who lurk in a designing den—
Old Marlin's roughness melts away,

His daughter is at home to-day.
'He said—and Darcy's brazen brow
Turned on him as 'twould gaze him through
A look of wonder, and of doubt
What words were best to stammer out ;
A silent moment—then he tried
To chuckle, as in secret pride,
Some circumstances change a case,
So, even in this revolting place ;
What wonder if one damsels fair
From the great herd, kind Heaven might spare ;
There is no spot in the wide world
Where youth can place a pate that's curled
And every damsels heart be proof,
Though love were spurned from parent-roof :
It is not truly quite so bad
'Twill comfort thee to find thy lad
Surprised to peace, if peace endure ;
And charmed to love, if love can cure ;
Well said, my Darcy, if thou be
A lover I am sure of thee.

XIX.

SONG.

The world is ice, it thaws away,
When love expands to genial day ;
O blurred and dull's my optic glass
Till cleansed by some consoling lass !
Then all things bright come out to view
And men are firm and women true—
The vale's no more a stagnant pool—
And mists right up the mountain roll.

Oh love is my kaleidoscope,
 I turn it and it pictures hope—
 Again, a fairy land is given—
 Again, it shews the gate of heaven—
 Again, it speaks my many loves,
 That they are fair and pure as doves ;
 Again, the maid I love just now
 In gorgeous colours it can show.
 Oh love is my kaleidoscope !
 Turned every way it sets in hope,
 Till some thing breaks my gilded rope,
 Alas my poor kaleidoscope !
 But oh, the villain that could bend
 To feign love for a selfish end !

XX.

The Sabbath passed as Sundays go
 In certain little towns belows—
 Dragging whose length as serpents o'er
 Men sacrilegious vote a bore.
 Now Monday's eager day's begun
 And all the busy greet the sun ;
 The master smiles and Darcy, now,
 Swears that he'll never grumble so,
 But as he walks the parson by
 There is a twinkle in his eye.
 The master went that very day
 More cheerily through village way,
 And, turning sharp next corner round,
 Old Marlin at his work he found.
 Whose teeth scarce let a welcome through ;
 Cold and forbidding was his brow,

And, just as usual, not inclined
A more amusing friend to find :
When trivial talk had had its fling
And could no more variety bring,
The master stopped as though were lost
The tidings that he cherished most :
Then recollecting, with a grin,
He placed his hand old Marlin's in,
As, so to say, you social bear
I am not backward to declare
Good tidings, though you fain would keep
The swellings of your breast asleep ;
Giving old Marlin's hand a squeeze
And pausing, just to take a sneeze,
He said, let now my honest friend
Congratulations both attend—
The pleasant news I joy to hear—
Surprising but to promise cheer
Still Marlin with a stupid stare ;
Of eyes deceptive seemed to list,
And yet be lost with wonder whist :
Not daunted, still the cleric pursued
The theme, and hoped he was not rude ;
Saying the love had found his ear
Of Darcy bold and Mabel fair :
Now when one has a blunder made
And would to undo it give his head
He looks as looked the pastor then
At Marlin and his serving men ;
His grasping hand was fain to stop
And Marlin's as a cinder drop :
For Marlin's face though ever bold
Was now quite dangerous to behold—

A deadly pallor spread his cheek ;
No lion would e'er his purpose wreak
And shew it in his noble face
Or speak the exchange of mercy, grace,
And all magnanimous display
For vengeance to a dying day,
To higher degree than Marlin tried
The courteous man he stood beside ;
Who paused, retreated, turned about
And left old Marlin with his thought
Not of the most delightful kind—
Yet preferable to the pastor's mind,
Who bowed and sad, grieved, and half mad,
Discomfited, sought out the lad.

XXI.

DARCY'S SONG.

I've heard of every witching breeze
That's underneath the sun ;
Of Chinamen and Japanese,
What wonders they have done,
With tiny cups and little balls,
And wands that fairies use—
Of tumblers in theatric halls,
And many an athletic ruse—
Of gymnasts that along the wall
And in the air suspend
Their bodies gathered in a ball ;
Or rest on either end—
That turn their hands to nimble feet,
Yet naught of balance lose ;
And, using oft, the skill repeat,

For fingers swift their toes :
 Now who would think that sober man
 Who curbs my wayward soul
 A trickster such, that if he ran,
 He would surpass the whole ;
 Yet at old Marlin's gate this day
 He did a stranger thing ;
 Oped wide his mouth—and straight away
 He put his foot within.*

XXII.

YOUNG MARLIN'S SONG.

I know my mother's eye
 Can sweep the blue expanse,
 And mid a hundred boats descry
 My pennon at a glance—
 The pennon that our Mabel made—
 And fixed it where our graceful spread
 Expands the snow white sail :
 And, at the murmur of a gale,
 Or boding of a cloud,
 Her distant voice would seek to hail
 If accents long and loud
 Could call to help the sea bird's wail,
 And bid us hasten home :
 And from the gunwale of our boat,
 Beyond the curling foam,
 Each house and path, and field I note
 And men, and flocks that roam :

* He never opened his mouth, but he put his foot in it.—*Mrs. Partington.*

And, were I lover warm and bold,
How oft my eye would course the wold ;
How would I strive to catch
The faintest motion of my love
Beyond her father's thatch !
And were my rival to attend
Her lonely hours at noon of day,
When she would o'er the sickle bend,
Or pull the garden weeds away,
I think I'd note him on the brow
Of yonder hill,
Or coursing in the path below,
Make up my mind to thwart his will,
And I would burn to be at home
And haste to spurn the dancing foam :
But what has caught my father's eye,
On sea or shore, his cheek to dye,
Or fan it now to pallid rage,
And thus from work his thoughts engage ?
See how the fish are tugging,
And lines all taut the boat are hugging !
He pauses, looks another way,
Turns homeward, and breaks up the day :
'He never did the like before,
Nor frowned he ever thus on shore :
Heigh oh ! he will not tell me why
He pulls so when the wind's so high.

XXIII.

Old Marlin in his corner sits—
His Mabel is not yet come in—
His wife in her tea-drinking fits
Will tell what yarns she dares to spin ;

For she is subject to his laws,
And all the women hereabout,
From Darcy's unexplained cause,
Keep fiery tongues from breaking out ;
So very quiet their meetings are,
Their talk mysterious and subdued,
Unlike the women of a sphere
Where sires are rough, where life is rude,
Old Marlin, always so austere,
Is darker now, if it can be,
More puzzled he than where to steer
His bark in stormy twilight sea ;
He shifts his legs, he rolls his quid,
He stirs the kitten from the fire ;
An idle son awaits his bid
And wonders what's possessed his sire.
Young Marlin from the boat arrives
And Mabel fetches garden store ;
He wonders if the reason lives,
And she, what drove them both ashore.
As eve comes on and eve's repast
Must gathered be by rich and poor,
Old Marlin's wife hies home at last
And wonder waxes more and more ;
How awkward has the pause become
'Twas ne'er so great before at home,
The meal is done—the circle forms
As usual by a blazing fire
Inside and out a furnace warms
And anger-sparks are leaping higher.
A twitch more nervous than the last
Has just convulsed his ailing limb,
His partner's face becomes aghast,

Yet ventures just to look at him ;
That cautious look became a stare,
She read real trouble in his orb,
Mabel draws nearer to the glare
As knitting all her thoughts absorbed :
Swift yet deliberate burst the storm,
As rattling thunder measured is,
Marlin inflated all his form,
And loudly spoke with half a hiss ;
Darcy, that villain sprung from York,
A vermin that the parson rears,
Here has his poisonous tongue at work,
And Mabel's given him her ears,
One little scream could Mabel give
(She was not born nor bred to faint)
So on her face there seemed to live
All colours that the sun can paint :
Had miracles presumed to come
To Mabel's aid in some trap door
She would have asked the friendly tomb
To let her vanish through the floor ;
But no such miracle appeared,
So artless Mabel sat and heard.
Now since such darkness you can feel
As once was felt on Egypt's bier,
So in some strange reverse of weal
There is a silence you can hear ;
Thus still was Marlin's glowing cot
Till he repeated what he said,
Demanding if 'twere so or not
In tones that might have waked the dead—
Bidding poor Mabel quick disclose
What love her own sweet bosom knows—

Then Mabel faltered out her love—
Her mother could no more forbear,
Mabel's sad plight she would remove,
Darcy may be is not all we hear :
Truly, it cost her many a pang
To brave her master and his grace,
But mother's love within her rang,
Then vanished quickly from her face ;
Old Marlin as a tiger glared
When wounded in some tender part,
Then, as in anguish deep he fared
For base ingratitude at heart ;
And stamping—with a secret look,
As given to his wife alone,
He said, and all his body shook,
A foe not mine nor thine alone—
And art thou, Mabel, such a fool
As not to take the hint I gave
When s—ing, if he the parson rule
The rolling sea 's a shallow wave ;
In these few words an argument
More potent than the father's ire
Was given, and all but Mabel bent
To the stern mandate of her sire.

XXIV.

MABEL'S SONG.

Was e'er a net so small,
Or toil with meshes made,
Oh, love could flee them all
When once the risk were made :

Say, who would promise give
To swear his life away ?
And love is more to them that live—
The world dies day by day.
My father eyes the sky
And braves the perilled wave,
His worthy daughter I,
And Darcy 's young and brave :
The hairs with terror move
On my old father's head,
Darcy, he swears by else than love
To love's emprise is led :
I know the secret that he fears,
Would Darcy wed with me ;
By all his love and all his tears
It shall not wrested be—
Faithful, if not obedient, I
In love will live, in love will die.

XXV.

There is a soothing in the mind
If in the shade of olden tower
Or yonder church, our feelings find
The calm of heaven beguile an hour ;
If here a stranger's heart may rise
Or wake a sobbing in his breast,
Or raise the fountain of his eyes,
Or sigh for more than mortal-blest :
If fellowship he here may feel
For those he never knew in life,
Or pray for the unconscious weal
Of those who still endure the strife ;

How nearer must the vision lie—
How deeper delve each wish and thought
For them that for their kindred sigh,
Or linger where their graves are sought :
And all within the hallowed fane
Is nearer, dearer to the soul,
For here the very forms remain.
Their shadows flit—their echoes rol
O nearer yet to him that lives
Each on his pilgrimage to bring
Thankful their every story gives
Some cause of glory to his king :
Thus stands the pastor by the door,
Or solemn musing, walks within
Deep-pondering of the time no more
When he shall strive with death and sin—
When other echoes round shall pour
With the same choir to attune
For one who like him shall upsoar
At bidding that must beckon soon.

XXVI.

So thought the master as he stood
One morn by portal crowned with rood,
Until his clerk, old Hiram Tunc,
Approached the place at highest noon ;
Both passed inside the ancient porch
Lit by a window's coloured torch ;
Thence, pacing through the lofty nave,
They stood upon the admiral's grave ;
Whose fame—whose life's renowned bent
The Pastor spoke in easy vent :

He said, There has been in my breast
And. Master Tune, there is a thought—
'Tis that I should be better blest
Could I accomplish all I ought ;
What fruits of life or preaching deck
The sphere wherein my labor lies ?
Ah, little, little does he reck
Who in the path of duty dies,
And I intend that Thursday night,
And each and every Thursday eve,
The lamps should shew their welcome bright,
And mellow bells their peals should give.
Old Hiram shook his head and said
He'd never heard of such a plan,
And hoped the Methodists had not made
A convert of the parson's man—
Thought twice a week was quite enough
If people ever would be good—
Was sure men might to fulness stuff
And leave to heathen what they would ;
He wondered, too, what extra charge
Would pay the damage of the thing—
Supposed they'd have to beg at large ;
In his view money was a song
The Dean, their patron, would not sing ;
He wondered who would light a lamp
Or risk his comfort in the damp ;
And then he lowered his whining voice,
And spoke in low, sepulchral tones,
As to avoid the echoing noise,
Shutting a door with hinging moans,
Then, glancing furtively around,
Perhaps, dear sir, you're not aware

But I am right, you may be bound,
These holy halls unquiet are,
They say some dead men know not rest
Whose spirits haunt their rotting caves—
Father and son that are unblest,
And may be seen about their graves ;
More may by you be surely guessed ;
Now here about this is believed
As surely as the Apostles' creed,
Ask and you will not be deceived—
But really there's no earthly need—
I'll not assist at evening prayer
When transepts dark and shadowy are,
And not a master, maid or man
Will join your reverence in the plan ;
And all alone 'twould awkward be—
Response can but be done by me.
Thus Hiram said, and he prevailed,
Beneath his glance the parish quailed :
In bitter tones the master told
To Darcy what old Hiram said,
And Darcy, waxing very bold,
Vowed he would punch old Hiram's head,
Or serve his ignorance just as well,
As Time all powerful soon would tell.

XXVII.

SONG OF THE ADMIRAL'S TOMB.

He lies becalmed
Upon the open, reefless sea .
And, as the living, charmed
By death's monotony .

His marble barge is on the stream
O'er-canopied with many a hue
Of gorgeous light and colored beam
From the great window burning through ;
His slow processions all are o'er—
His marches armed from sea to sea—
His squadroned flying from the shore—
His narrow rescues from the lee .
No more his echoing batteries speak
Of conquest at an English door,
Or, far away, the mountains break
And shake the sands of foreign shore.
At midnight through no murky mist
Forth gleams his proud and starborne light,
For startled pirates wonder whist,
Or shipwrecked seamen, heavenly bright.
No humbled sword from blood-red hands
Need symbolize his victory,
Or, led in cha'ins, the naval bands
Of rival kings delight his eye.
No more in rest on festal shore,
Where wine-cups flow and mirth resounds,
With kindred souls shall he live o'er
The flush of war in battle sounds.
Now all the echoes he can wake
Are what his marble tomb flings back—
No storms disturb his quarter-deck—
The groined roof is his welkin black—
Another flag that asks no breeze,
His thankful eyes may fill to see :
The trophied spoil that round him lies
Is of another victory ;
The untroubled crystal of a sea

Upbearing God's own ark on high
Reveals for him, we trust, no lee;
Nor shrouds in mists a foeman nigh;
Of mortal mail how deep the rust,
No ruthless tread disturbs his dust—
Heaven holds his soul—his mould'ring breast
Is urned in sacred hall—
Oh, surely solemn is the rest
Of the great admiral.

XXVIII.

That afternoon the open door
Proclaimed that Hiram was about,
And rummaging the old church o'er,
As was his custom, in and out.
So Darcy entered—chose a path
Where he could catch old Hiram's eye—
Attract his notice—raise his wrath,
And seem his wishes to defy.
Now first he entered Hiram's seat
Beneath the Pastor's reading pew—
Put back his head—put up his feet—
Half closed his eyes, just peeping through.
At once old Hiram hobbled up,
With anger written on his face;
You'll drain, said he, the little cup
Full soon of credit or of grace
That's left to shew where you were bred
Beneath a pastor's anxious eye—
Making the holy place a bed,
And worse, for such as you to lie.

With funny promptness Darcy left
To overhaul the prayer-book rows :
First Marlin's big one marker-cleft
And then the pink one of his spouse ;
Now Hiram just had turned away,
As busy in another place,
Darcy proceeding to betray
Another freak devoid of grace ;
Next Mabel's prayer-book Darcy drew
Forth from its small morocco bed,
Passing some slips his fingers through
He left a paper in their stead ;
Farther through pews, or long, or square,
With lazy pace he followed on
As noisily as he might dare,
And Hiram watched till he was done.
Now there are some men in this orb
Who, if they only had one eye,
Would see, whate'er might seem to absorb,
Much more than two could dare descry.
And such was Hiram,—Darcy's stroll
Was done, and, whistling at the door,
He left the uncongenial soul
Deep in his work, and planning more.
Scarce had his whistle died without,
When softly, nimbly, Hiram crept
To Mabel's prayer-book, took it out,
Purloined the note, and safely kept.
What think you now would Hiram do
With the small contraband he stole ?
Give it to Marlin ? Yes, I know
He'd tell the Parson of the whole :
Now Hiram need not thus did bring—

His woe was of more cruel a type,
But on the stile hard by the spring,—
In Darcy's eyes he took the thing—
And calmly, gaily, lit his pipe.
This was not all; next Sunday's mile
Old Marlin walked, and came to prayer,
And when he hobbled up the aisle,
With wife and daughter very fair,
Poor Mabel stretched her hand to take
Her prayer-book from the Bible rack;
But Marlin with a side-long dab,
And evident anger in his look,
Most impolitely made a grab
And gained possession of the book;
This happened to the amaze of all—
Confusion in the seat appeared—
Old Marlin bitter looked as gall,
And Mabel as she greatly feared;
Men's eyes then to the Clerk deferred,
For Hiram was a demigod,
And from him Marlin, I have heard,
Received a most decisive nod.

XXIX.

Not only the discerning hold
Between their hands revenging wrath—
The feeblest often, waxing bold,
Place toils along another's path;
And thus it stood this very day,
Mabel guessed all, and found a way,
Hiram was marked for fouler play.

Between the morn and evening prayer
Old Hiram did not travel home,
And often snored on vestry air
Or sat reclined against a tomb ;
Now earlier Mabel hied to church,
This Sabbath, by almost an hour—
Saw her old foe just take a lurch
In tilted chair by vestry door,
His pipe and jack-knife near him lay,
And box of sulphur-splints to aid
The pious man to pass the day ;
No hesitation Mabel made,
She took tobacco, pipe, and match,
And tinder, cut the matches through
Just where the sulphur ends must catch,
Then stuffed the sulphur in the bowl—
Top-dressed it with tobacco o'er—
Replaced the pipe, and gently stole
Returning through the northern door.
How Hiram fared we will not say,
Nor press the analogy too close,
But my informant to this day
Maintains that Hiram had a dose.
The Squire came down to church, and marched
In solemn grandeur to his seat—
His lady, too, extremely starched,
And both appearing very great—
What horror ! on the velvet nap
Was seen old Hiram's huge jack-knife,
And, as the mystery to cap,
A smell of sulphur smote his wife,
While round upon the spotless floor
Small wooden pegs were scattered o'er ;

The sexton, cobbling shoes by trade,
Half lost his place the mystery through—
Accused of being drunk, 'twas said
He pegged boots in the Squire's great pew.
But all things strange or true recoiled
With double weight on Darcy's head,
They said, Unscrupulous and wild,
He surely is by Satan led;
Thus whom men dread do they defame,
Though twice their honesty he own ;
To drown him is their studied aim
In ill-repute, lest he dethrone
Some old corruption or disgrace
That burdens, yet sustains a place ;
But as the ocean birds disport
In ocean wave, yet are not wet,
So that which is the spirit's forte
No serious blow will ever get ;
Beneath the floods a deep descent
Or billows seen above their head
An arrowy course need not prevent,
Nor, swerving from their haven, lead ;
So blithe a bird was Darcy's mind
That of him what you yet must hear
Beats all that you have left behind,
And calls him hero of the year.

XXX.

The hour is come—the night is still—
Their dreams beguile men's wayward will—
On midnight soon the world will land—
I lean my brow upon my hand,

And by the shadowy casement stand ;
No din disturbs the night-borne air
Save blinded owls that hoot afar,
Or bitterns in a distant marsh,
Or night-hawk's buzz with greeting harsh.
Or high above yon blessed fane,
The swinging of its feathered vane,
Or lonely bats with wings awry
That fan me as they hurry by ;
Thus while in thought I wander on,
Or search the day that's lately done,
Or mourn so soon another comes
Fast urging to eternal homes,
My eye surveys the sacred hall
In Sabbath rest that hallows all
Itself, the birds that round it build,
The many tombs that men have filled,
The trees, the sleeping flowers, the air
That scarce knows tide or ebbing there ;
So rests my sight upon a scene
Where I would be if longing eye
And wish of good or ill that's fed
Could place me with the blessed dead :—
When lo ! what vision meets my eye
As one by one the windows fill ?
And now the lamps are burning high
By sudden torch of magic skill :
I dream—I wander—O, my soul,
Feed not the phantoms of my brain—
And sooner sleep—from midnight toll
'Tis only dreaming hours remain ;
And thou art here—recall the man,
Nor drown him in thy little woes,—

The picture lingers,—break the ban
Thus superstition's fables rose—
Thus of the world we love so well,
Whose pleasures so inspiring seem,
There comes an hour when men shall tell,
We woke, and lo it was a dream !
And thus the morrow I'll retain
What strange enchanted thing I saw ;
'Twere worth the trouble and the pain
If from the rest I more might draw
And charm them to the very strain.

XXXI.

SONG OF THE CHURCHYARD.

Where were the charm of truth
Could fiction far excel ?
Then manhood, age, or fiery youth
Would ask some other spell
Beside the strange reality
Their many dreams supply.
O, we are silent now,
And dead to living men !
But shroud and dust are peeping through,
And we live o'er again.
'Tis more than chill and lonely den—
Who passed and touched my coffin then ?
Through this next empty home,
Where moles have made their nest,
I look and see the pale grass wave,
And lo ! a brilliant crest
Stands on its lighted grave,

No moon, no sun, this hour appears—
It comes not from the feeble stars—
But hark ! the sound of grievous tears
In yonder tomb, they burst its bars—
I know it now—it burns my soul—
That dreadful glare—its flood I quaff—
The Church alight—all but the bell
Conspire to haunt my troubled shade—
Cease ! cease ! thou now unearthly laugh !

XXXII.

Aurora came and early rose
The Master, as to shake the dews
That lingered still from yesternight—
Terrors in which men half delight :
As gaily as he could he met
Young Darcy from the meadows wet,
Asked where the oracles abode
That every morn new secrets shewed :
Darcy, they dance before thy eyes,
Those lights, as did this very night
An image that this morning dies,
I thought yon church was all aglow—
That one by one the lamps were seen,
And all, forth from their shining row,
Conspiring, cast a heavenly sheen.
And, had no courage bid me turn
To seek the rest I needed most,
To me those lamps would ever burn—
I too had sung a haunted coast :

' But well I knew that midnight hour
Brings back the tales that men have heard—
Inspires their eager gaze with power
And lures them till the mind has erred ;
Then shadows rise to forms of men
And mists become a wizard fleet—
The eye that looks and looks again
Dethrones proud reason from her seat.

XXXIII.

DARCY'S SONG.

And has my master dreamed
That lights illume the fane ?
Then from those windows there hath gleamed
A torch that's struck by man.
O happy ignorance !
The fond delusion charms ;
Before his eyes I'll let it dance,
Then tear it from his arms.
Now mark me, I have thrown my glove,
Though being no champion bred,
To stir the living, and for love,
Though I should wake the dead :
Why need such evil powers
As spoke from Endor's tomb
Deliberate in the noiseless hours,
Or, one by one, illume ?
Yes, one by one—sure hands that need
No latch to ease their way
In one swift dazzling flame might feed
A whole nocturnal day.

Faint as the scent of distant flowers
Borne on some gentle gale,
Or sound of very far-off towers,
My master's dream I hail :
Oh they that by the lamps of night
Would fear to worship God
At Satan's shrine, all decked and bright,
Would spread their gifts abroad !

XXXIV.

O weary, weary is the night,
Weary the day of pain,
Weary the lamp that burns too bright
Yet can not long remain—
Weary the hours that seem to spin
Their anxious length away—
Weary the dawn, when, creeping in,
Its tardy shadows play.
Ah, still more weary to the eye
That by yon tossing bed
Waits on till every hope must die,
And every pulse be laid.
Such woes are hallowed, and they ask
A rest from those without—
They bid the world its coldness mask
And turn its face about ;
That they may meet seraphic death,
And, with its chariot fire
Fast bind the victim of their love
On Heaven's funereal pyre.

XXXV.

He turns him to the stars of God
Their bright and far off land—
Bids them unfold their ranks abroad
Where his beloved stand ;
Or, if they may not now disclose
A realm long mapped in tears,
Invokes their rays to calm his throes
When all their bliss appears :
But lo ! in yonder Church ablaze
Dispels surrounding gloom—
Whose heart in prayer that hour allays
The terror of his tomb ?
Have souls just passing raised those fires
The world's farewell to be ?
Why bade they not life's poor desires
Join the strange minstrelsy ?
Wait, wait ye freemen of our God,
For I would fain attend,
And after live to tell abroad
How Christain lives may end !
Oh joyous light ! if heaven's thou be,
Let one poor soul be led
To see its buried company
Among the blessed dead.
But stay, thou wandering brain,
The old delusion comes,
And with it all its wizard train :
O silent are our homes !
Ye trembling limbs resume your power
And bear me up to yonder door.

There if, within, the hallowed dead
Sustain a fearless song,
With them I surely shall be led
To raise my voice among ;
Or if a dark and cursed brood
Upon those sacred aisles intrude,
I in the faith of holy rood
Will face the horrid throng :
And more, if mortal man hath dared
To speak unhallowed word
Or stand for fouler deed prepared
Mine is the avenging sword :
Thus saying beneath the veil of night
He stole to view the spectre bright.
But, pausing at the northern door,
The fairy lights were seen no more.

XXXVI.

How deeply blue the canopy
Far o'er my night haunt spreads,
I stand the dark old building by—
My foot disturbs the dead :
Oh strangely twinkling do the stars
As living things appear—
The owlet through yon turret bars
Asks why I wander here —
And I, too, ask my self the same ;
A phantom bade me come :
My dying child asks why I came,
Now gone perchance before me home :

O thus too early at her grave
To miss the trail of her sweet breath—
To lose its last perfumed wave
And glory of her death :
Oh soul ask back my spirit's might
Of old that checked my sighs ;
I'll follow all this mortal night
But death's realities.
He sang, and o'er the dewy grass
The eyes of night beheld him pass
But double woes held back the day
From where his child of sickness lay.

XXXVII.

They met, and by their lover's seat
Small rippling waves beneath their feet
Cast up the glory of the moon
On far off reefs they sang their tune,
He told her what his master viewed
Beneath the stillness of the rood—
How strangely fearful he became
Lest visions should his reason maim,
Affliction break and worse devour
His solid sense and mental power—
How from the casement he had gazed
As long the dreadful lustre blazed—
Again, how from that fevered bed
The phantom him had nightly led—
How at the step of yonder door
The magic light was seen no more—
How he would chide himself and say,
More blest were dead men as they lay

Than he who by the uncertain light
Of whims and fancies woke the night.
All this the cautious Darcy told,
But Mabel's face was pale and cold,
Her breath came short, her cheek was wet
As marble forms in dungeons met.
So like an aspen did she quail
When Darcy said hast heard the tale ?
Hath wakeful in the vale no eye
Remained such orgies to espy ?
Hast never by the building gone
And of those lights beheld not one ?
Now tell me, Mabel, to remove
That burden from the man I love,
If it be dreadful just to hear
What would'st thou should the lights appear ?

XXXVIII.

Oh Darcy, Mabel said, with tears,
Ask me not now, my spirit fears,
Ask me not, as thy generous love
To holy wedlock me would move !
Oh, had I seen the appalling sight
How could I lift the veil of night—
How could a timorous maiden tell
What secret powers procured the spell ?
Thou art old Marlin's daughter thou,
His secret eye is on thee now,
Would Darcy Dunn but dare divine
Why those far lights so often shine
Perhaps some hidden road might lead
To haunts of living, not of dead.

Stay, Darcy, stay, I'll hear no more—
Love as thou never didst before,
My soul would not urge on the day
A parent's secret to betray.
Let not my look, my act, this night
By thy procurement see the light.
Oh, Mabel, I no word have given
As reason why thou should'st be driven
The strange accomplice to deny
Of father's or of mother's eye ;
For who impeached them, or inferred
That there the secret might be heard ?
Old Marlin's maid I called thee, true—
Why should'st the sweet relation rue ?
But more, can'st thou recall the night
When round the fagots burning bright
All sat, and thy old parent's roar
Was heard beyond his cheerful door ?
And art thou, Mabel, such a fool
As not to take the hint I gave
When saying, if he his master rule
The rolling sea's a shallow wave ?

XXXIX.

Shame, Darcy, shame ! and hast thou dared
To love me, yet to feign thy love,
O, treacherous lover ! hast thou spared
No means thy strange conceit to prove—
Hast thou approached my father's door
In peace and secret thus to pry ?
Go—I will never kiss thee more,
Bliss, love, and Darcy, all—good-bye !

Rash maiden, come resume thy vows,
Embraces, kisses, all restore,
When will another Darcy chose
To pour his soul thy allurements o'er ?
Hast thou a soul—and dost thou long
To see the changing world with me ?
Alter at once thy doleful song
And let me still thy Darcy be.
Come now, relent, sit down by me
For love's too precious thus to die ;
I'll ask thee, didst thou ever see
A shadow as it flitted by ?
As surely then, on yonder hill
Sawst myriad lights those windows fill :
What meant thy father when he said
The rolling sea's a shallow wave ?
What—but that commerce then were dead,
And broken ships must find a grave ?
Ah, Mabel ! when those lights appeared
Now dearest Mabel tell me true,
If for thy Darcy thou hast cared
When many were they, when but few ?

XL.

Or few or more, what matters it
If o'er God's acre thus they flit ?
Yet I will tell thee that, one night,
When howled the winds and rushing seas
Were heard and borne upon the breeze—
When strange men to the shingle neared
As hidden warriors had appeared—

'Twas then I saw a single light
In the east window burning bright :
But stay—can talking this explain
Or draw its mysteries from the main ?
Nay Mabel now thy story spare,
I will not pain thee to reveal ;
Or if the thought thou canst not bear
I will not stir thy soul to feel
What powers of ill conspire to bring
Or crones and witches well may sing :
Now dearest, now, good night I'll say,
And meet thee here another time
When, as just now, the moonbeams play.

XLI.

MABEL'S LAMENT.

Give back ye winds—restore my peace of mind—
And tell if on your columns flung,
Unfriendly ears my secret now may mind—
Or if too much my voice has sung !
Waft, waft away, the trail that Darcy finds,
If he have found enough to lead him on ;
From my poor bosom O avert ye winds !
The justice that must secretly be done.
Say why should I the happy shelter tear,—
For love of Darcy, from my parents' head ?
They me through life within their bosom bare—
Their love—their thirst of love I have not fed :
If now, at last, in rashest moments, I
Have given another what he cannot keep.
If thus the deed is done, O let me die
Nor o'er a ruined bliss be spared to weep

Oh, if my voice of youth ye love to fling
In startling echoes over sea and shore
Now back to me my heedless speeches bring—
Bid me be lavish of my tongue no more !
But chiefly sing to Darcy's keenest ear—
Lull him to sleep with all a Zephyr's art ;
And, when ye wake him, let no trace appear
That half this tongue is rued by all my heart.

XLII.

Ho, master, 'tis the darkest night
And yonder burns the unhallowed light ;
The heroes of that lower den
Are at their deadly work again ;
Up, let us to the Church repair
And knock and ask who revels there ?
Half risen—the master was aghast—
Ha, Darcy, hast thou come at last
To this that what my weakest hours
Bewail, as sprung of failing powers,
Now boldly thou hast dared proclaim
A real terror with a name ?
Yes master, in my inmost soul
I never doubted that they burned
More than I doubt the billows roll
Or surge the waves to foam that turned—
But come, let time not now be lost,
And none by deadly terror tost ;
From yonder window thou may'st see
The haunt of men or devil's glee :
Before we pass yon massive door
That mellow blaze will all be o'er,

But let a vigil long be kept
Till rising morn the heaven hath swept :
If voice nor sound disturb us then
I'll say we watch in Satan's den—
If voices strange bewitch our ears,
Then well we nurse our mortal fears ;
But, if the voice of men shall speak,
Then come the vengeance I must wreak !
Up master ! and Sir Francis thou
To join these festal fiends below !
Here is my lantern and a blow
Not light will break its windows through,
And here a crab thorn I might wield
In battle on a tented field :
Now if where devils take their stand
Be this strange night our battle land
Why then, as men we'll win the day
With prayers or some enchanted lay ;
But reason is the cross I make—
This in such battles I must take,—
Quick master, let thy beads tell o'er
What anxious hours thy children bore ;—
Ah—not the rosary, but the sweat
That sure will ooze from every brow :
Sir Francis, thou shalt not be beat
By foeman that thou dost not know ?
Come, help me challenge him to night—
Lamp, moon or stars shall give us light ;
So Darcy said, and straight they come,
Half shndd'ring, from their peaceful home.

XLIII.

As at the great west door they stand,
All all is dark as Egypt's land ;
With muffled steps now marching on
They rest beside the altar stone :—
O dread the stillness that around
Is reigning—O for some faint sound
Of smallest insect to appear—
The dumb dismay that holds my ear !—
Say Darcy, is there aught to see ?
Move on, but silent I will be ;—
O dread oppression of the soul—
Let but the towers give out a toll—
Let but some bird its early voice
Sing forth ! we watch and would rejoice
Could something break the awful spell ;
Ho Darcy ! hold thy courage well ?
But Darcy breaketh now no more
A stillness greater than before :
List Master, Darcy said, at length,
But, silence now, with all thy strength :
Again, a figure downward bent,
It seems, by yonder monument ;—
But on the trailing moments moved—
The vigil yet more awful proved :
And now, at last, there peals an hour
Forth from the old clock in the
Those watchers heard the sound with joy.
The master touched his noble boy :
Hush ! far beneath a grating sound
A monster trailing underground—

The closing of a mighty door—
And half a tremor in the floor,
Silence again,—the blushing east
Begins to deck her crimson breast,
Now to his feet each watcher sprang
As through the aisles there loudly rang
A strange sad laughter of despair—
Beat up the tower and lingered there—
Recoiled aloud from tomb to tomb—
The bells in tremor spake its tones—
Its clang ing struck the very stones ;
The great lamps in their brackets shook—
Winds seemed to stir the open book—
The master void of motion stood,
While from his son there trickled blood :
And thus the vigil passed away
But 'twill be felt to dying day ;
O never let that laughter be
Rung out at midnight, and to me !
The couch of Francis long will tell
What followed on that morning bell—
And how he bore that vigil's spell.

XLIV.

The wonder spreads, its hideous length
Wearies my eye and wastes my strength :
The dancing phantoms mock our gaze ;
Master, their shadows haunt thy days—
Their frightening glare long after night
Dispels the joy of morning light—

O cursed the myth that lingers so !
I burn, I seek, I dare to know :
And, tell me, thou whose tender care
From many a war wouldest run to spare
My fiery spirit swift to brave
Terrors of earth, or sea, or grave—
Tell me wilt thou delay the hour
And word that girdles me with power—
That bids me seek, explain, explore
By church or vault, or secret door,
What help can human means afford
To midnight foes or voices heard
When but the dead demand repose—
Where living soul so seldom goes ?
It comes to this, that since the night
Our vigil failed to find a might
A hand, a voice, a form to tell
Who played his fiendish part so well,
I, more prepared to find the cause,
And more to disobey thy laws,
Stand now, and boast not when I stake
A life that some would gladly take,
Yes—stand, and challenge, watch and ward
That devils keep or men regard
To the strange tournament I love :—
It shall be said that Darcy drove
The secret from its lawless bed—
So rest the living and the dead !
This night, O grant me the request,
I shrink not, whether cursed or blest,
In yonder nave O let me stand
And, gaily lit by firmest hand

Be every lamp upon the wall
Well trimmed for Darcy's festival :—
It shall be such a light, I ween,
As o'er the village shall be seen ;
And such a light as shall dispel
Those mysteries or of earth or hell :
Come now, remove the bane of life
I'll lay the load and end the strife.

XLV.

Darcy, 'tis of a piece with thee,
Thy means and end do not agree :
What shall I say ? shall yonder fane
For whim of thine or mine remain
The monument of what a dream
Could weave into historic theme ?
Of what account shall I be held,
To superstition known to yield ;
And thou—what shall thy brain be said
To hold, if, by a fancy led,
You drove me to a vigil kept
Where even giants might have wept—
Shamed that their knees together smote
For sound or shadow that they note ?
If Francis in his troubled rest
Were heard to murmur as opprest
With the vain vigil we have seen
Or midnight haunts where we have been,
It shall be said that yonder towers
Resounded in the solemn hours

With orgies that young Darcy made
Or midnight mazes where he led :
But more, shall we be justified
When, by our utmost conscience tried
A sacrilege shall straight appear
Towards any end that men may fear ?
Now this thought bade me thus to speak
Whate'er the vengeance I would wreak—
These are the doubts that made me quail
When all my wishes would prevail :
I burn, like thee, to unfold the deed
Which made both heart and body bleed ;
But, as I live, this saddest day,
'Tis duty bids me say thee nay :—
Sit down and rest till time reveal
Where mortal men may dare prevail :
O master, bid me light but one !
No more, my last reproof is done,
Which, if thou disregard, this night
Let thousand lamps of other light
Well cure thee of a wish to pry,
And teach thee lesson till thou die :
With me the deed forbear to speak—
Let Heaven for me the vision seek.

XLVI.

SONG.

O what a thing is fear !
A craven ghost that follows on ;
I feel its blight—its palsy here
To chill the rays of victory's sun.

Men fear to move, then fear to rest,
Fear to be curst, fear to be blest ;
O what a craven thing is fear !
I feel its blight—its palsy here.
'Tis not the sad retiring foe
That only shakes and trembles so ;
I saw the victor in his car
All quivering with the bliss of war—
I saw one at an iron door,
The key was in his hand,
And yet he stopped and trembled long,
While from within the inviting song
Bade him be brave—bade him be strong—
And still he seemed to stand :
Power is in mortal arm
Yet mortals fear some small recoil—
They doubt the means—they dread the broil—
And thus live wrong and harm :
Stamp, stamp thou on the field of life !
Leave deep the footprints of thy strife !
Pass lightly, oft, on hallowed ground,
But firmly tread when trumpets sound.

XLVII.

THE MERMAID'S TALE.

'Twas midnight, on the sullen tide
A swaying phantom I espied—
A shadow from some distant ship
Cast by the dull and starry sheen ;
Beneath her bows I gaily skip
And there I longer would have been.

Above me, in her gilded prow,
A snowy Venus bared her breast ;
My soul-less life is wistful now—
My wet locks to her own I pressed.

XLVIII.

SONG.

Because thou art the Form of Love—
A bliss I hear, but may not feel—
Oh, could my embrace thy bosom move !
So gently to thine arms I steal :

Truest of billows—human breast,
On mine no head can seek its rest,
Of mine no brow the mould restore—
I kiss its pallid symbol o'er :

O once by men esteemed Divine,
Love's still incarnate Goddess thou !
O warm this torpid blood of mine ;
I for my race the gift will owe.

For festal light my storm draped Hall
Drinks in the radiance of the moon ;
The dirges wild that on me pall
They make me yearn for loftier tune :

Waft winds of night to human ears
Of ocean songs, the wildest this ;
Who cries men love too much, he hears
A mermaid's own Laus Vener is !

O that this flesh that symbolized
Which is thy daughters—proved the embrace
Which all thy Sons and Heroes prized—
O that it bore thy blood and grace !

Then warmer charms had seas sustained,
Nor needed men proud galleys build,
In buoyant waves thy sons remained
And each a mermaid's bosom filled.

Wake Queen of night from yonder cloud,
And bathe her image in thy light !
Roll back, ye mists, the intrusive shroud—
I trembling hush the expectant night ;

Speak, form of grace : what should I be
Could such strange charms a soul uplift ?
(Mock not the children of the sea,)
Almost immortal—too immense a gift.

XLIX.

Thus as in her sweet arms I sat,
Whose higher bliss I fondly wailed,
I heard the seamen soft repeat
Their business, and how night availed ;
And such a night as o'er them spread
With many stars in heaven, and sea
Whose bosom for their mirrored bed
Shewed a new heaven beneath the lea :
And thus they said, In yonder sky,
Fast by the horizon's brink,
An angry light is darting high,
The clouds they do not sink :

It is the rising moon in mist
Which warns us of the morrow;
Mark if the signs do not exist
That tell of coming sorrow.
Mark, if before yon horn be risen
Ten times her span in heaven
No tempest crack or main or mizen—
In blast and whirling given!
Rise, breezes of our desperate hope,
And waft us to the shore;
Our hands shall no such cursed rope,
For bright gold, handle more:
Haste, bear us on to yonder strand
And wait our errand there;
Oh bliss! if, spite our luckless hand,
Your breath shall still be fair.
So sang the seamen—

Sister, Ho!
Hast wandered from the depths below,
Or, round the shore of happy men,
Hast bent thine ears to learn their strain?

L.

Hard by that cavern, Hiram's den,
I heard his blood-hound bay;
And lo! within are twenty men,
List what I hear them say!
To-night? and doth she come to-night?
To-night—they pass it round
From mouth to mouth in whispers light,
And rocks fling back the sound:

Then Marlin said—The night is calm
But ere the morning sun—
Oh be she early ! save her harm
The tempest's will be done !
Ho ! youngster see'st thou on the sea
No mast, no hull appear ?
Then, by my troth, 'tis no light breeze
Must spring to bear her here.
Round yonder point, in yonder reef
I hear no laboured oar—
O were she near, the space were brief
To tow her to the shore.
The mountains bound my westward view
But could it linger there,
Now mark me men, I tell you true,
A tempest would appear :
If it be soon, then let her go
To where she lately lay—
Across the channel it will blow,
Out of our peaceful bay.
How say you—shall we signal them ?
Her eyes will read us true—
But one, just one, my merry men !
One ! rolled the cavern through :

LI.

Nay Marlin, said another, ho !
'Twere best that none be given,
For westward will the tempest blow
From out the gates of heaven :

**Old Mark must beat straight from the bay,
At once he will be gone,
I'll show where safely we may lie
Till all our work be done :
Men, I repeat, let none be raised
How strange yon glimmers are !
By none let Marlin's plan be praised—
Mark knows not yonder bar.**

LII.

**One what ? the mermaid said, begone
My sister—bring me more ;
What means it ? 'tis a fatal ONE
That speaks on yonder shore.**

LIII.

**Down in the waters dark
The herald mermaid sank,
And, with her, from yon little ark
I gained the cavern's bank :
Hark ! Hark, at the great water door
For twenty seamen pace the floor,
And twenty men in doubt descry
The boding signals of the changing sky :
The twenty men are listening now
And sudden sounds are heard
Of oars that swoop the water through
Like some swift flapping bird :**

On the soft shingle grinds a boat,
And smothered greetings sound ;
A silence—then the voice calls out,
Whose mad on this mad ground ?
High on you hill I see afar—
There blazing as an evening star—
From out the sacred sombre hue
The fatal ONE—'tis peeping through ;
Again derisive greetings sound,
Who's mad on this mad ground ?
One ! said a voice within the cave,
One ! sounded o'er the glassy wave;
Another—one ! old Marlin's lad
Cries wolf ! or else becometh mad ;
Ho lad ! I'll join thee in the boat,
Now row me far on yonder stream ;
Why hast thou sung so dire a note ?
I'll show thee 'tis a dream--
'Tis home or starlight yonder pane
Receives and throws thee back again :
Now swifter to the cavern's mouth
The fisher turned his boat about ;
By all in earth or heaven now pray !
Young Marlin, 'tis as thou shalt say :
One ! said each voice, and, horror-driven,
By each to wonder vent was given
And all retire—ye fairies where ?
They vanish in the midnight air—
I listen till their curses done
Find no more echo by the sea :
Where have they gone so suddenly ?
Once more I passed the shrine of love
That awed me from her throne above—

Once more I blessed in fond embrace
That image of a human face :
And, as I sat, the seamen said,
In bitter murmurs o'er my head ;—
Before yon bank of angry cloud
Speaks from her dread and deepening shroud
Ye winds of night ! a respite give—
Oh for our poor lives deign to live !
That we may end what highest noon
Sped with her hopes delusive tune :
Where now your zephyrs faintly blow—
Another wind will tempests shew,—
And we by you so lately led
Shall, numbered with you, swell the dead :
It bursts—ye heavens, withhold your wrath ;
Nor, Marlin, bid retrace the path
That we have come—the haven tell
Where all in safety may be well ;
Beneath a crag—beside a hill—
Within a reef—calm, safe, and still—
Safe as on ocean might we be
Where no too curious eye can see—
Where foeman's oars we may not tear
Nor driven be to raise their fear :
Oh—we have weapons, wrath and fire
Of God and men to stir the ire ;
Forbear, ye luckless winds, forbear !
A smuggler's is a pirate's spear.

LV.

It comes, fast driving ; 'tis a blast
Her wings to tear - to shake her mast—
Ho Mark ! what burns on yonder hill ?
One ? one ? yes one, new, clear, and still :
Oh Marlin, art thou mad to-night ?
With sparkling waves the reef is bright ;
But what shall show its dangers nigh
In one short hour, when all heaven's arch
Must fill with clouds that sternly march :
Then dark the sea—then dark the sky—
And must I beat past yonder shore
Who know it not—if ever more,
Upborne on waves, we may sustain
The risk of this accursed gain :
Rise morning sun on bones of men
And ribs of ship in ocean den—
On livid looks that far below
Speak their last curses, and their woe !
A sigh—a sough—a whistle, rush, and roar—
A moaning gale that through the ratlines tore—
The storm is come ; my way is almost o'er—
Fast, fast my fated ship is hurried on—
High o'er the gale men speak the dreadful ONE ;
Ha ! still it burns, as saying O race be run !
Now glimmers—dies—but its fell work is done !

LVI.

Ah ! loth upon that distant wave
I stood one longing look to have ;
O, graced with fitful moonbeams now,
How glorious in her gilded bow !

I sink, thou diest, O Love, farewell !
The morning tempest howls thy knell :—

LVII.

'Tis an ancient story seen
How once in a bower of green
Was a serpent known to glide
Where a maiden sat beside—
By his kindling glance allured—
By his gorgeous scales assured :—
Daily was their wizard greeting,
Heard within the forest meeting,
Till the maiden seemed to tell
Every moment that a spell
O'er her life was strangely thrown—
Till her will was not her own—
Till she longed that spot to see—
Ever in the fane to be—
Till the secret of her life
Made her dead to other strife :—
Thus felt the master night by night
A strange desire to see the light—
To struggle with the unknown power
Whose grasp he felt that solemn hour
But could not shake ;—that very time
Young Marlin at the midnight chime
Proclaimed alarm that all obeyed,
He too was by his window stayed
With half a sigh and half a groan
I heard him murmur, one, just one ;
Now he is at the haunted fane,
The bolts are his, and who within

Could dare to enter or remain
Unless by sorcery or sin ?
Under the great nave he stands,
And from out his quivering hands,
Drops the faithful warden's key—
O the sight that meets his eye—
Oh, the strange reality !
All his dreams and fancies fly ;
Footfall echoes and the dead
These no more his weak limbs lead ;
Now the eastern windows blaze
With a single torch's rays,
And of some sepulchral rite
Stands the deadly priest to-night :
Who that dost at midnight dare
At another's altar stand ?
Where is heaven's protecting care--
Thou the priest of hellish band ?
From the blessed steps descend,
Bring thy sorceries to an end :

LVIII.

Forward the master went
Till o'er the admiral's tomb
His wondering brow, attent,
Was gazing from the gloom :
And now the strange priest turns
His long wished face around ;
In anger, now, the master burns,
And speaks in sorrow sound ;

And is it thus that Darcy dares
To cross my will—deride my cares?
Less grievous 'twere a fiend to find
Than Darcy and his stubborn mind:
Now towards his master Darcy comes
And, mid the shadows of the tombs,
Cast by the light he bears,
Beholds his master's strangely rise
Till looming in gigantic size
Upon the northern wall;
Then forward sees it fall:
Wide wide his arms appear to spread
Then drooping past the sombre head,
His figure stoops to earth;
And thus he fell, and on the cold stone lying,
The horrid laugh begins its mirth:
Swiftly before young Darcy's eye,
His lamp goes out—winds through the tomb
Send from beneath a hollow roar—
The shutting of that mighty door—
The trailing noise—the trembling floor—
The vigil sounds he heard before:

LIX.

Then the moaning tempest swung
E'en the great bells as they hung—
Sounded in the arched roof
Darcy's mightier reproof—
While the tombs that round him lay
Made him mourn the tardy day

Far less bitterly than he
Whom upon the marble laid—
Dead perhaps, and disobeyed—
He felt but could not see.

LX.

In the gaining of a mighty end—
In the doing of a mighty deed—
Where all spirits but the stoutest bend—
Where all hearts but the courageous bleed,
There are foes that on the victor press ;
There are those that wound, and yet caress :
He that on to blood red battle goes
And yet stops to mourn a lover's throes,
If he be not vanquished by what fate
They that fondly love commiserate,
If he sicken not at all their woe,
With still stronger heart to death will go :
Thus their ends, and not their risks, comprise
Heroes' glory : and their stedfast eyes
Over all the stubble where they tread
Weep not for the trodden weeds ; but drink
Glories waiting on the meadow's brink :
For us others will presume to fear—
Point to gory wounds and tear-drenched bier—
Warn of chance and treachery and fate—
Mourn and weep that we may hesitate :
Rude to friends, that ruder, he, to foes
Swift may prove ; thus Darcy forward goes :
What now reeks he, for his end is gained ?
Coward mercy ! justice is sustained :

Oh physician, bring me near to death,
If thus longer thou may'st win me breath—
Cure me, cleanse me, though in battle scenes
Fiat justitia ruat cælum means.

LXI.

By the ivied gate
Marlin in its shadow stands,
On his brow is trouble great,
And he leans it on his hands ;
By him the Pastor waits
As he would tidings hear ;
Harshly Marlin's message grates
Upon his wounded ear :
I master from the village come,
They tell me thou art going home,
Would thou couldst stay ! and must thou needs
depart ?
Yes Marlin, could I leave this heart
This wounded heart—a sad memento left
Deep, deep to cut such obdurate souls as thine—
To be a witness how it is bereft
Of each wrecked bliss that once in fulness mine
Now well were hid in deepest caverns cleft
And covered o'er with black oblivion's pall :
Bring me the sculptors of the past
Whose mighty works to ages last,
O, I will set them such a task
As no poor mourner ever dreamt to ask ;
Yes, I would tax their utmost art
To form the image of a broken heart ;

That, on the altar of yon haunted fane,
The mould of mine forever might remain—
That they who thus its living throes despised
Might, by its last, to sorrow be surprized.
Sir, we are smugglers and the admiral's tomb
Rose where you staggered in the sudden gloom,
For the one light that villain, Darcy, placed
Sped human loss and shipwreck on the blast :—
It must be moved, and, from behind the scenes,
We used you roughly—we regret the means :
By hidden corridors, straight from the beach
In five short minutes, thus the tomb we reach—
There was the plenty that our houses bore—
There held the town its universal store ;
And now you know why vespers were deferred
And prayers by daylight broad alone were heard.
Now one word more ; a day may Darcy live ;
More if he tarries here I will not give :
The villain stole my daughter's love to gain
The well hatched offspring of his festering brain :—
Adieu, good sir, without excuse or fear,
These from my comrades the instructions are :
Stop Marlin, is old Hiram such a man?
Facts and not names sir you're allowed to scan.

LXII.

'Twas past the dusty hour of noon,
And even we had ceased our tune—
The tide was out—the weeds were laid—
The breezes everywhere were stayed—
The mountain glebe was all aglow,
And idle lay men's barks below—

Coursing up the mountain went
 He the pensive man and bent,
 Murmuring as he passed me by ;
 One vale more shall see me die—
 One more season spread abroad—
 Then by mysteries of God—
 Lifting not depressing me—
 Charmed in his crystal sea
 All my billows buried be.

LXIII.

O we are silent now,
 And dead to living men ;
 But shroud and dust are peeping through
 And we live o'er again ;
 'Tis more than chill and lonely den—
 Joyous steps passed o'er me then—
 Voices too there seemed to fall,
 Bridal them the living call ;
 Darcy, wilt though faithful prove ?
 Best, my Mab, is smuggled love :
 Through this next empty cave
 Where moles have made their nest
 I look, and see the pale grass wave.
 Lo ! too, a brilliant crest
 Stands o'er its lighted grave—
 No moon, no sun, this hour appears,
 It comes not from the feeble stars :—
 Burn thou fair beam—my spirit light !
 Oh, thankful, thy pure flood I quaff ;—
 The Church alight ! ring out O bell—
 Conspire to soothe this troubled soul !
 Ring on O youths' and maidens' laugh !

ANACHRON.*

AN ODE TO D'ISRAELI.

1.

Anachron whose softer lays
Were an all-sufficient praise
And whose pearls reflect a light
Not of Britain's mind or might
Whose are tales that stole their song
From some oriental tongue
Thou whose truths would clothed be
Part in unreality
Could no kindred soul divine
Half the riches of thy mine
Praise let humble odes supply
When our louder plaudits die.

2.

Anachron while thou art here
Ages by their mouldy bier
Mingle round the trailing weed
Dust of living and of dead

* Upon the presumption that Mr. D'Israeli and Mr. Johnson are in their respective spheres the two great anachronisms of the present political age this was written; and to avoid a more cumbersome epithet Anachron was employed: I presume that neither in its mutilation nor its accentuation, which the verse compels, it is to be defended.

Pearls from ancient funeral palls
Drop in old St. Stephen's halls
While the plumes of bright to-day
Cast their latest gems away
Thus thy strange and potent breath
Deals alternate life and death
While a corpse more stiff than Peel
Lifts an arm reformer's feel
Hate to envy yields the day
Thou hast deeper struck than they
Anachron be this thy name
Passport to immortal fame.

3.

Anachron when youth no more
Gemlike hangs thy brow before
When though once thy loftiest fire
Now thy songs and tales retire
At this onslaught cease to burn
Of a duty vast and stern
And its armour forced to don
Canst thou still be Anachron
Yes 'twas in the very flame
Whence thy fairest jewels came
By the very art that turned
'Neath the eye that conscious burned
Precious gold to mouldings rare
Placed thy gems in settings fair
That the bars must welded be
Of an Iron victory
And the arms that gently moved
Over gold that worthy proved

Beat on mightier anvils down
Rivets for an ancient throne.

4.

Thou wast Anachron of yore
When thy foemen said—no more
Shall this eastern voice be heard
Or these ancient halls be stirred
With such echoes as were cast
By that traveller of the waste
Who with wild romantic note
Fittest for a Persian throat
Gambols round the weighty cause
While we lions make the laws
Then proclaiming thou had'st done
Let the leaden moments run
Now I rest but once again
Ye shall hear me and remain.

5.

Dull were Stephen's solemn walls
Formal echoes filled its halls
Then its life began to move
Sweet its songster new to prove
Anachron 'twas he once more
Newly girt returned to war
And while time eventful crept
Glorious was the train that swept
Full of odours was the gale
Stirring plumes and piercing mail
And entrancing rolled the sound
Of his eloquence around.

6.

With the marching multitude
Anachron can still be proud,
Stoop as ne'er he did before
High he towers the proudest o'er
Tory—noble—though he be
Nations classes all to see
Far beneath him, and to spurn
Birth and title he might turn,
Tear the coronets away,
Toss their power and rights to-day,
For his eastern mantles hide
Greatest, best of mortal pride.
Aristocracy on earth
Is to be of Jewish birth,
Bind thy well-earned laurels on,
Ever—ever—Anachron !

THE AMERICAN ANACHRON
OR
SENATOR SUMNER'S DREAM.

1.

Homeward trips the Congress man—
Midnight will soon be here ;
His fevered brow the night winds fan
What has the Senator to fear ?
And yet he starts at every post
As though he saw some wan secession ghost :

2.

Taken he has naught to-night
But the best of Boston tea,
Warm him 'twill for any fight
At Washington, D. C.
Sweet intoxication
For the honour of the nation
What cares he ?

3.

When the Indians in their mask
Overboard the Congou swung
With it an old watercask
Tumbled ; and through the open bung

Filled with the immortal tea—
The Union's holy water—
In it they wash the stars and stripes ;
And poor Afric's dusky daughter
Laves her dark limb, and hopes to come out white :
While the great water company
Through all the Union have laid down their pipes.
This was the cask best joy of Charles's vault
Beyond all wine it does his soul exalt.

4.

Homeward trips the Congress man—
Midnight will soon he here ;
His fevered brow the night winds fan
What has the Senator to fear ?

5.

He has only to pass by the great white house,
Where they all must have gone to bed,
And nobody's up but some venturesome mouse
On some drawer of the Bureau scratching his head.

6.

There is one big window all alight,
And its white blind discovers a terrible sight ;
The Senator stares and there pour from his face
Drops of cold perspiration running a race ;—

7.

On the blind there's a shadow sufficient to scare
All the Congress men living for the next twenty year
And he looks—is it possible ? Yet I must own
'Tis the shadow of Andrew—he's wearing a crown !

8.

Now a crown was a bauble that Charles never saw
But its ghost is enough to inspire him with awe—
Yet he reasoned—was stoical—plainly no go
So he groped for a pebble to fling at the show.

9.

Just then the strange spectre uplifted its arm
And he wielded—a sceptre? no a pen and what harm.
Was it a veto to write—no—to scratch his left ear
He'll die of that flea, bellowed Sumner I fear.

10.

Then the figure took hold of some other device
As the blind shadow told him—one not over nice
A mitre? a foolscap—what the deuce is he at?
The extinguisher, Sumner—good night! and be drat.

11.

What a thought—what a picture—the Senator's bed
Piled with mitres and crowns gives no rest to his head
While he dreams—most appalling! away with the sight
That he's standing within by the blind and the light.

12.

Now the dream of the Senator in this wise began:
In the chair presidential there sat a huge man,
Goliath of Gath was no bigger than he
Nor the great Alexander more royal to see.

13.

Now the dander of Charles was beginning to rise
While the tears of a patriot suffused his dark eyes
As he saw the big aides de camp throng round the King,
And the tumblers and glasses beginning to swing:

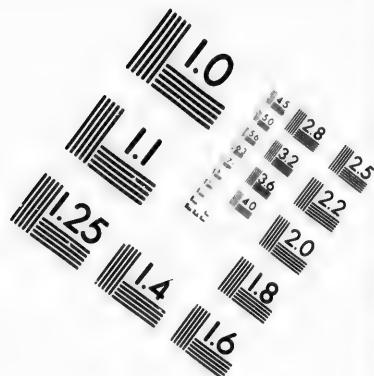
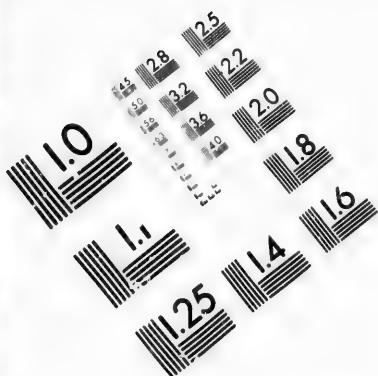
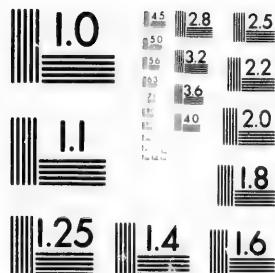
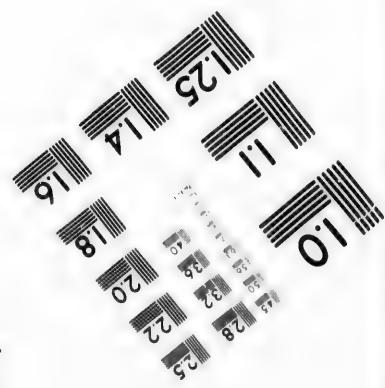
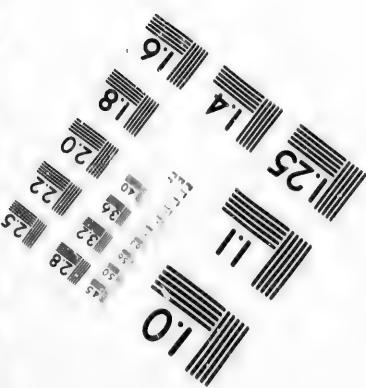


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14.

The King would have nothing—with equivocal grace
He turned round on Sumner—looked him full in the
face—

As he said, Mr. Sumner, you will now take the oath
Two aides de camp knelt, and he winked at them both.

15.

Charles then cleared his throat, for 'twas time he should
speak,

And he said to a courtier both gaudy and sleek,
Aristocrat bloated, you're drunk, I shall beat him
Whostaggered and said Ish-bi-be-nob have at him.

16.

The aides de camp knelt on before the great throne
(Summershuddered—'twas Andrew as sure as the sun)
From his ample breast pocket the King with his hand
Pulled an old tailor's needle and with countenance bland
Most pompously charged the tall servitors both
That at once Mr. Sumner should proceed with the
oath:

17.

And first, they explained 'twas a custom of old,
Which of course Mr. Sumner had no need to be told;
That in good wine or liquor Kings' healths should be
drunk,
Unless in depravity subjects were sunk:

18.

Now Charles must demur —twas a breach of Maine law—
He explained that some tea would best suit his maw;
So breaking away with the loss of his fob,
He snatched at a teapot that sat on the hob.

19.

Alas, 'twas good liquor the teapot contained—
No hope for the Senator's pledge there remained—
My liege now how strong shall the mixture come forth?
Said the waiter—the Monarch replied—why due
North :

20.

So they placed the poor Senator down on the floor—
Poured the tea down his throat: and I've since
seen a file
Where about seventeen hundred and seventy-four
Is the date of a picture of similar style.

21.

The Congress man ~~grooming~~ was suffered to rise;
When he smoothed down his whiskers and opened his
eyes,
A herald proclaimed, let the oath now be taken
Let the old Jewish custom be never forsaken :—

22.

Then they bade the poor Senator lay his head to the wall
In the flap of his ear they inserted the awl—
Oh the pleasures of memory—to the last 'tis historic
A flea for the Monarch, but an awl for poor Yorick.

23.

The rite was performed and he turned to the throne,—
Kissed the fist of King Andrew, and doubled his own
Assumed for the nonce hypocritical airs—
Cut, and met Mrs. Congress ascending the stairs:

24.

Mr. Sumner a widow your kind office implores
 King Andrew's condemned me to attend to the chores :
 Have you taken the oath ? O my gracious ! what times !
 Your ear, how it's bleeding ! what unnatural crimes !

25.

So Charles at the risk of his oath and his head
 Went dripping with blood, 'twas the first he had shed,
 Lowly bowing, he said, madam's lost her caged birds :
 The Constitution's a widow, and she claims her two-thirds.

26.

His Majesty shifts on his purple gold seat
 As he kicks back the robe that had covered his feet ;
 On each sandal of wisdom the Senator spied
 Five toes like his own, but a Vtoe beside ;

27.

At this sign of contempt : as the camel must crack
 When the last straw, Charles cried, shall encumber
 its back
 Son of the Giant and the kin of him
 Who fell before Jaare Oregim !—

28.

Seized by a hundred ogres—gagged, and tied—
 The helpless Sumner writhed with pain and pride—
 King Andrew to the window wheeled his chair—
 Threw up the sash, demanding who was there ;

29.

A sea of dusky waves with white eyed crests
 Plied every one his clamorous behests :
 I've got the Veto and I mean to use it !
 Yes Massa ! roared the crowd—If Massa chuse it.

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HERMAN AND IDELETTE.

1.

Where are the days of love
Whose sun is but the reflex sweet
Of Cinderella's slipper ?
Are they returned to heaven above
For this degenerate hour deemed no more meet
Leaving the dregs to its more stylish clipper.

2.

The lover of to-day !
Oh what a farce we play !
My belle—how high she soars !
How lets her gilded fancy out of doors ;
Look at her little heaven
Where all her sighs and all her prayers are driven—
Blue silk spread far and wide ;—
This, this absorbs her melting gaze ;
Its stars are guineas,
And its clouds are lace.

3.

True—like a meteor she leaves her train
In her small heaven to tell where she is gone ;
It is not wit—'tis not the light of love
But sparks of envy from some rival belle
Who fain would—scratch her, and be lovely Nell.

4.

Sweet Idelette this shall not be
The epitaph I write for thee ;
The eagle o'er the owlet soars,
High o'er the rest his carol pours ;
The early lark his song of love
Fit, only fit for heaven above
Or ear of his more patient mate
Who in her nest on earth so long hath sat.

5.

Pizarro claimed her lily hand
But Herman owned her heart ;
Pizarro came from foreign land,
Herman was bred in Nature's art,
But both would have with fervour proved
By deeds of prowess how the loved.
Sweet Idelette consents to give
To him whom his deed shall live
A life for her undying love
When high on Alspach's rocky brow—
Where dwell the eagle and the crow—
The champions of her grace have stood
Undaunted o'er the mountain flood,
When high beneath its forest tress
Their deep cut names their flames confess,
He that o'er all in carvings bold
Can show how heavenward thus he strolled
Shall be her own wit. her by mountain rills,
Trace up their course of love to the eternal hills.

6.

Morning has brought the eventful day
Slow creeping on its fate borne way

Far the red fingers of the East
O'er all the heavens their grasp have cast
As though the giddy height of love
Where hearts unto its music move
Should need some hand to be its thrall
And catch the champion in his fall.

7.

Her maids attend sweet Idelette
In her long hair the blossoms met
To entwine with that brave coronal
That must be hers and his who shall
Strike from yon adamantine brink
The brook of love and ever drink.

8.

Pizarro gained the giddy height
Began with iron pen to write ;
Loud the responsive throng below
Is echoed from the mountain brow,
When answering from the purple sky
A direful shriek is hurried by,
Up from her eyrie in the wall
Now gently rising see they all
A noble eagle golden-bred
Proud and defiant stoop her head,
Then swooping from her eminence dash
Swift as the lightning's sudden flash
Upon Pizarro's neck.
A dismal cry pervades the air
Both birds and beasts and men to scare,
While from the luckless seat descending
Life, love and task so sudden ending,
The vale below and the empurpled brook
And red stained grass receive his dying look.

9.

Three years have gone and round the brow
Of Alspach's crests are gathering now
Such crowds as when that solemn day
Pizarro's love was dashed away.
The maids are there and Idelette
As fair as blossoming as though yet
From that sad day she thus had stood
With eyes fixed on the purple flood.

10.

And she is crowned as erst in white,
With bloom of lilies pure and bright ;
And Herman to the struggle borne,
Once more asserts his love forlorn.
But proud the rival now he owns,
A friend of courtiers and of crowns,
Thus the pure moon of Herman's love
Matched with a golden sun they prove.
Her maids thus murmur, O the gem
That waits her and the Diadem,
And O the spangled train that shares
The native beauty that she bears ;
Sweet Idelette shall sing no more
The vale that nursed her charms before.

11.

O where is Herman ? at the cry
Her smiles and dimples fade and die,
And ashy pale her velvet cheek
Receives it as a tempest bleak.
She tears the fillet from her head
And flings it on the stream
That bears it on its limpid tide
To where Pizarro fell and died.

12.

High, high on Alspach's rocky brow
The count can plain his title shew,
While all the vale sends back the cry
That Herman's grief has bade him die.
Now shout the throng—the count returns
A joy that in his bosom burns,
But giddy with the height of love
His swimming eyes unsteady prove,
And ere the knife that from his hands
Drops down and mid the green reed lands,
He too is on the deadly road,
And blood once more is dashed abroad,
And crimson floats upon the stream
And dewy grass receives his eyes' last gleam.

13.

Another shriek those caverns share
Descending from the upper air
Of joy unfeigned without despair,
For whence, of old, the eagle rose
To avenge her brood's unconscious foes,
Up rises Herman, nor he knows
That death his rival's strife must close,
He writes his name o'er all to prove
How the long years and patient heart
Have made him eagle of the art.

14.

Joy falls on Idelette with the voice,
And tears of joy start at the noise,
While Herman from the stream below
Brings the sad wreath and crowns her brow.

ULYSSES REDIVIVUS,

OR

THE NEXT PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

ADAPTED FOR THE NATIONAL HOMER.

Let us weave in the stories of old,
And embellish the song of to-day;
Let us set our new pearls in their beautiful gold,
Whose lustre fades never away.

Penelope sc. Columbia loquitur.

I.

Go spread once more my lord's imperial couch
With purple skins these once fair hands have dyed ;
Let his lone chamber now full royally be decked ;
Join me Telemachus, Philoetius, maids, with pride.

II.

These twice ten years—how they have tried my love—
How stretched its cords in tension of despair !
This I have proved before the gods above,
If truth and constancy be heaven, then heaven is here.

III.

My eyes have followed him through blood and gore,
And on through perils to that rocky brow
Where blinded Polyphems his bravest tore ;
I lose hm in the foam and sea-mists now.

IV.

Yet I am tardy to believe the moan
That mourns Ulysses with a thousand tongues—
Denies that more his power is now my own,
Or that his maxims help my children's songs.

V.

If he himself no more return to fire
Sweet Ithaca, his darling isle, and mine :
Oh, Phoenix-like, let his pure shade inspire
Some other form that craves with me to shine.

VI.

Or better, let it now infuse the soul
Of thee, poor orphan, whom, the last to bless,
He kissed, embraced, then softly from us stole.

VII.

Whence passing by our peaceful door and lake,
Hell's portals opened, then the thirst of fame
Led him for glory, deeply thus to slake
His soul insatiate—to inscribe his name.

VIII.

O empty throne ! let now the womb of Time
Be teeming with a new and needed King ;
The soul be his whom high in olden time,
Enthroned or warring, bards conspired to sing.

IX.

Ope wide the door—let in the last red sun
That sheds its radiance on Ulysses' hall ;
His wars, deeds, perils, all, and are they done ?
Heart be his urn—here let his ashes fall.

X.

Here his brave couch, there relics of the past ;
 Here his strong bow, and there his rings bound fast :
 A thought is mine ; leave me, my maids, awhile !
 We yet may bask in King Ulysses' smile.

XI.

Mighty Minerva, born in wisdom thou !
 A widowed Queen, before thy grace I bow ;
 Where frugal royalty was once reposed
 See how importunate beggars have caroused !
 They claim my hand, no longer I refuse,
 I claim a test, and, guide me, for I chose.

XII.

He that can do the daring I propose
 Shall be my King, and smite or slay the rest ;
 (No longer can delay appease my throes,)
 Who but Ulysses thus should clasp my breast ?

XIII.

Attend, ye suitors, for I speak :
 e I joyful tidings break :
 The widowed Queen at last complies,
 And he this mighty feat who tries
 And wins, shall hold her hand,
 Unworthy though he be to stand
 Where great Ulysses long was known
 To grace at Ithaca our throne.
 Ulysses' bow still strong remains,
 For all its noble master's pains ;
 He who, when morning has appeared,
 Shall bend as but Ulysses dared,
 Through these twelve rings each after each
 To shoot with his unerring aim,
 My hand, my kingdom, and my love may claim.

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FOR THE PURGATORIO OF A FUTURE DANTE.

WITH UNPARDONABLE LIBERTIES.

With clearer view
His eyes beheld not who beheld the truth
Than mine what I did tread on. Purgat. xii. Cary.
When Eolus hath from his cavern loosed
The dripping South. Purg. xxviii.

Andrea I saw,
At foot of the stupendous work he stood
As if bewildered, looking at the crowd
Leagued in his proud attempt at Washington :
He gazing at the starless, stripeless sky
Thus communed with his naked spirit low ;
There was one step upon the stair of time
Whereon a right to place was not bestowed
Upon the blind abettors of an idea—
A spot wherefore the ever shifting Delphi
Of a contentious people was not bribed
To signify its ruler—but which the ancient charter
Of a proud nation, with sad fate concurring,
Supplied by rule. The next inferior seat
Was mine : for once the maddened crowd,
Who would submit the seats of Paradise
Unto the issue of a general election,
With stifled rage saw me advance to teach

That they were blind with prejudice and passion--
That tyranny was not alone comprised
Within the grasp of some poor luckless King,
But, spreading far its dragon clutches
And its inherent greed, formed but new claws
And multiplied its talons one for every voter,
Who is but changed into the votary
Of that which in one ruler he condemned,
But now admires, because he is its fraction
And may advise how to dispense the drug.
There sat I in sincerity and boldness
The incarnation of offended Justice--
The loving eye of an incensed parent,
Watching the wranglings of his offspring,
Between the over virtuous gorgon of the North,
And warmer damsels of the sunny South
Who feel with me that freedom's but a name--
That they are captives and compelled to march
Unto the tune of "godly snuffed Psalms."
Like me shall many another Sisyphus
Be sought to set on high that Pilgrim rock
Once lightly handled by Titanian sires,
Which, when intruded on a godlike height--
A would-be model for all ruling powers--
Shall with the crash of human hopes and pride
Descend with thunders to the common plain
Where all accretion of authority,
In Kings, or Emperors, or majorities,
Shews the poor threadbare seams of imperfection.

Carlo too I saw
Surveying the block and weapon of his death :
And Abramo, who in later ages paid

The dreadful debt that he was driven to owe.
These both from their long musings waked
Caught the strange import of their fellow's talk
And thus the first—Art thou a King—that name
Which is the index of vicissitude to man ?
To whom replying thus Andrea slow explained,
All but the name of an imperious King I bore.
And then describing the anomalous struggle
(Anomalous in the season that it happened)
He ceased ; both Carlo and Abramo in wonder lost
At his most royal rehearsal, cried amain,
What deadly weapon ended now thy course ?
None but the scythe of Time—without a struggle
I laid me down in Charon's little boat ;
To whom the Martyr King and President replied
My eye—bless me,—but you're a lucky dog !

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ANACHRON.

Those who are acquainted with some of the leading anecdotes of Mr. D'Israeli's Parliamentary career, will recognize the allusions first to that foreign element which distinguished his debut and has since contributed in a less obtrusive way to furnish the graces and splendours of his career; and has done no little to mark him as the vigorous and elastic limb of that great conservative corpse, with its rigid and peculiar interests. As compared with the preceding sentiments, I do not know that the last stanza is as true as it is what Artemus Ward would call —“Sarcusitic.”

SENATOR SUMNER'S DREAM.

Senator Sumner (it may be needful to inform Britishers) is elected from Massachusetts to Congress. He is prominent in his views of President Johnson's policy—negro privileges &c. I know it is indispensable that Satire, which is not necessarily ridicule, should be apt and appropriate to the incidents assumed, and under which it seeks to convey an idea. In this respect the piece may have partially failed, and so may appear as an exaggerated burlesque. It will thus be a matter of regret that the subject was not in abler hands. It may be said that the piece should have been written in deference to inquiry whether there has not been a great shifting in the respective scales of Republican and Democratic politics. Should this be pressed, I might answer, that of those great parties, each being a host within itself, there will always be one in which the tone of such a piece as Senator Sumner's Dream will accord with the feelings of its partizans. But this brings us to another consideration;

an exaggerated idea of the designs of President Johnson may find an exaggerated expression in an American mouth, or cause a very bold flourish of American pens in such titles as *The Conspiracy at Washington*, and that with impunity; while an Englishman may be denied the right to see things in that light, and may be regarded by both parties as the man was who interfered with a belligerent couple and their domestic strife. The feigned and final subjection of the freedmen to President Johnson's ideas is, as the reader will see, conveyed in their expression of the same in the name of the Senator's own State, which is a—goak.

ULYSSES REDIVIVUS.

These incidents are adapted from the *Odyssey* of Homer. The long-deserted Penelope is Columbia, or America, with the hosts of candidates for her national honors. The allusion is of course *ostensibly* to General Grant as the *Ulysses* of the Union by name; *practically* to his being so, because the Presidential office in his hands is anticipated by many as a resumption of the policy of whomsoever may have been the *Ulysses* of the past—the most faithful executor of her Constitution. Whoever wishes to impinge this title on her man of the past, if he do not decide on Lincoln, may range from Jackson backwards. It will be seen why the test is not represented as having taken place.

PURGATORIO.

These fancies express strictures on Mr. Johnson, drawn from various sources, mixed with some very hearty British ideas on the actual position of—I will say it—that great President—*VIDE MESSAGE*.

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